

Today---Sure

BOSTON PULP AND CHURCH TOPICS

BOY, SKILLED SEEKING FIRE ENGINES

Charles Cunningham, six-year-old son of Charles B. Cunningham of No. 14 Homer square, Somerville, who was knocked down at the corner of Washington and Medford streets, in the city, Thursday evening by the auto of Ernest L. Kimball of Lowell is dead to day at Somerville Hospital of injuries thought at first to be of minor nature.

Charles, with several other children, was playing in the vicinity of his

Some who hear an alarm from Box 24 were sounded, and shortly afterwards the fire engines passed down Medford street in response to the call. Charles, in order to obtain a better view of the apparatus, is said to have stepped from the sidewalk onto the street in front of an approaching automobile owned and driven by Ernest L. Kimball.

The auto was stopped at once after striking the child and the injured boy was lifted into the machine by an eyewitness to the accident and carried to the Somerville Hospital.

When picked up the youngster, al-

though crying lustily, had visibly recovered but a minor injury to the scalp and a slight laceration to his arm. At the hospital, however, it was found that he had been injured internally.

The child was to enter the Baxter School at the opening of the Fall term. He was the oldest of four children.

Mr. Kipling, the owner of the cable lives at No. 108 Middle street, Lowell.

Daniels Planning to Build More L-Boats at Portsmouth Yard

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Aug. 28.—Secretary of the Navy Daniels, after inspecting the submarine L-8, being built at the local navy yard, declared: "We hope to build more of them here, and while we may be slower than the outside builders, we want this boat to stand the test and show the civilians that the government is not only building submarines as good but better."

Mr. Daniels said it was a shame that this yard could build its submarines and have to wait for an in-

pendent arm to supply the engine. He said he was looking forward to the day when all of the work would be done in the navy yard, when the government through its skilled workmen in the yards would point out the way

to the private corporations in the building of everything used by the government.

Quits Jail to Wed; Returns to Cell After Ceremony

PITTSFIELD, Aug. 25.--William Nelson Tiffney of No. 78 Lake ave.

nue, a teamster who in July was sentenced to a year in the House of Correction for assault with intent to rob, was married to Miss Viola Mercy Spencer of Pontoonuc Lake. The marriage took place in the

The bridegroom was accompanied by Sheriff John Nicholson. He has been confined in jail since last April but was not sentenced until July. Im-

mediately following the ceremony he was returned to the House of Correction. The bride returned to her home.

Plattsburg Camp Enrollments Open

Enrollments for the Third Military Training Camp at Plattsburg, N. Y., period September 8 to October 1, where the attendants will receive instructions from regular army officers.

to fit them for officers should it be necessary to raise a large volunteer army, will continue for a few more days. Enrollment blanks and information may be obtained from Mr. A. Whittier at the National Shawmut Bank, No. 46 Water street, corner

Visiting

An interesting week. What the

Julian

As a boy, Concord's famous writers—Hemans and others—at Thoreau—Nature. His recollections of the woodchuck out- rils have been re- forth a bright, p

interesting article

interesting article

Frederick Leach

The story of the AMERICAN Societies, held on Sunday AMER who attended these organizations

Rich M

who was pushed
tality? In the i
bly attacked. Ca
niece of Mrs. D
port estate is no

*There's a
to S*

The beautiful
guished King
hundreds and

ladies and fairies
"Rainbow" page
details and list
take part.

And t

IN

IN

SUN

IN TOMORROW'S BOSTON
SUNDAY AMERICAN

SUNDAY AMERICAN

SUNDAY AMERICAN

LAST ATTEMPT TO WIN OVER CARRANZA

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—One last attempt is being made to swing Carranza into line for the administration's Mexican peace plan. A special representative of Secretary of State Lansing is now at Vera Cruz trying to show the First Chief that unless he does agree he will be ignored and eventually eliminated as a factor in Mexican affairs.

Representatives of Carranza here declare that his mission will fail. They say that as soon as Carranza again is established in Mexico City, which they believe will be today or tomorrow,

Customer Business Hours
A.M. to 5 P.M.
Are Open Saturday
Until 1 P.M.

Suit Case



Suitcases, made on wood frame.
Size 24-inch. Original **79c**
Sale, only...
Inside pocket, strong lock
Original value \$3.95. An **1.98**
Selling...

Chinchilla Sport Coats

2 BOND
BLACKSTONE
10 CENT
EBOOK

QUIMET DEFENDS GOLF TITLE AT DETROIT

3 BEER

By ANN LISLE

afraid of it.

A black and white illustration of a woman playing a grand piano. The woman is seated on a patterned bench, facing the piano. She is wearing a dark dress and a pearl necklace. The piano is ornate and has a large, decorative lid. In the foreground, a small child is sitting on the floor, reading a book. The child is wearing a striped shirt and shorts. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border with floral and scrollwork patterns.

"I have to pinch myself every few minutes to see if I am really alive," said Helen, awe in her voice.

"Did you ever see anything so beautiful as that white bubble across the water?" said Louise, softly.

"I read the war news," announced Louise.

"Not really?" mocked her husband. "Well, here's the eating place; we'll go in and eat and then give you the time of your lives, eh, Warren? Maybe we can't

No. 5—Connie Helps Dr. Drayton Watch Over a Sick Bed and Two Days Later They Are Married

The Hennrys were Peter's wealthiest and most influential patients. There was no question about our going. But he had wanted that bracelet of jewels on my left hand.

Peter was so absorbed in the

"Run in and put on your things. Connie—we've time to finish this

transformed through the stages from gambler to man to doctor. "If you can keep cool, come along Connie," he ordered. For two hours I worked by Peter Drayton's side and he seemed

"Can you be ready to motor up town in an hour, Connie," asked Peter's voice.

"I'll try. Did you sleep well?" Peter, dear?

A silence. Then abruptly and dryly: "No."

"What are you paying for it?"
"Two dollars," was the reply.
"Well, what do you expect for two dollars—a bull fight?"

CHASE & SANBORN'S
SEAL OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BRAND
TEA

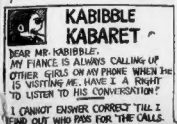
"What room have you?" inquired the assistant, languidly.
He was told, and then he inquired:
"What are you paying for it?"
"Two dollars," was the reply.
"Well, what do you expect for

"What are you paying for it?"
 "Two dollars," was the reply.
 "Well, what do you expect for

1

Krazy Kat

Copyright, 1915, International News Service. Registered United States Patent Office.



THE DINGBAT FAMILY

Copyright, 1915, International News Service.



ABIE THE AGENT

Copyright, 1915, International News Service. Registered U. S. Patent Office.



JERRY ON THE JOB

Copyright, 1915, International News Service. Registered U. S. Patent Office.



POLLY AND HER PALS

Copyright, 1915, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.



US BOYS

Registered United States Patent Office.

Looks Like Adventures Now! The Gang Drifts Ashore on Savage Island!



Boston American Editorial Columns

Child Dying of Cancer Was Struck by Her Teacher

Advocates of Child-Beating Please Read

Copyright, 1915, by the Star Company.

A LITTLE girl, nine years old, committed some "offence" and, according to her story, was struck a sharp blow on the arm with the edge of a ruler. Shortly afterward a lump formed. The child is dying of cancer.

This is one of many cases of child-beating. We recommend it to the attention of those that advocate whipping children in schools.

If justice were done, any man or woman convicted of beating a child would be put in jail for at least one month, without the option of a fine.

It is time for the world to teach cowards who strike children that the offence is a crime and will be punished.

In the ancient days a father was permitted to kill his child; no one questioned his right. The slave-owner was permitted to kill his slave; no one questioned that right.

Later this was modified. The father could beat his child, but must not kill him. The owner could beat his slave, but must not kill him.

The slave has been set free, and no man today has the right to beat another full-grown man.

But still the brutality continues which permits strong men, angry or drunk, powerful teachers, incompetent or irritable, to beat children, weak and defenceless.

It is vile cowardice, and those who defend it are cowards.

It is impossible to estimate the amount of disease among children caused by blows at school and at home. The child often does not tell what happens at school. If it happens to have a brutal, whipping father or mother it fears to tell that it has "needed" a whipping.

Mastoiditis, a disease of the bones near the ear, often resulting in death, is caused nearly always by a blow on the head.

Children are frightened, stunted, and then intelligence is driven away by blows.

How long will it take the nation that puts men in jail for whipping horses, and forbids the beating of prisoners, to realize that the helpless child should be defended by the law that defends the horse and the criminal? How long will civilization make a better joke of this "Christian text"?

St. Mark ix, 42—"And whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in Me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea."

Here Is Real Information

And from a Newspaper Editor, Too. Read, for It Is Important

Copyright, 1915, by the Star Company.

WE printed a letter from a man who said we all ought to dress in white, low-necked dresses, giving a good imitation of Caruso dressed up as a bandit.

Commenting upon this letter, we proceeded to say "that it was very foolish to wear black cloth suits in Summer." Now here comes a letter from a man in Connecticut. His initials are G. W., and he is the managing editor of an important newspaper. According to him, the mournful person sitting in black is the coolest person—as long as he stays indoors. Read well:

To the Editor of the BOSTON AMERICAN:
Dear Sir—Your correspondent who rants against dark clothes for Summer wear and declares that "for our men to think they must wear sombre clothes in business offices is a crime against nature" is a victim of superstition—the superstition that light-colored clothing is necessarily cooler than dark-colored clothing.

Your two liveried friends who wear "solemn black clothes, black shoes, black everything" to their offices are evidently cool reasoners—cool physically as well as metaphysically—who think for themselves.

Light colors in the sunlight are cooler than dark colors, because they tend to reflect the sun's rays. Dark colors absorb the rays and transmit them into heat.

In the shade—on office conditions are different. Dark colors tend to radiate heat, light colors tend to prevent such radiation. So long as the temperature of a man's body is higher than that of the surrounding atmosphere, dark-colored clothing will radiate heat from his body faster than light-colored clothing, and to that extent will cool him better.

As offices are protected from sunlight, and the temperature of the air is lower than that of the human body, your lawyer friends are adopting the color of clothing calculated to keep them coolest under the circumstances. If they spent their time walking up and down the street in the sunlight, it would be another matter.

Vacuum bottles are mirrored, inside and out, to prevent the radiation of heat; if you lacked the mirrored surface of one of these bottles and then filled it with hot water it would not hold the heat despite the vacuum, because the blacked surfaces would radiate it away.

As for the "crime against nature" of which your correspondent speaks, pause and reflect!

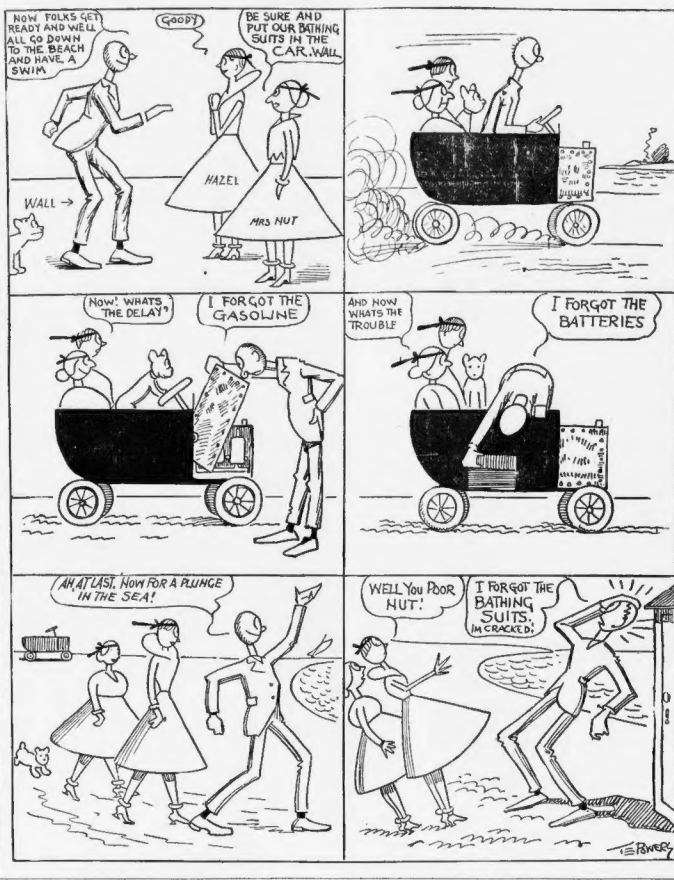
Those races which dwell in climes of intense heat have been painted permanently black by nature for the purpose of cooling their bodies more efficiently. The hotter the climate, the darker they come! All of which only goes to show that people who dress themselves in white in the Summer time do not know why they are doing it.

G. W.

OUR FIRST DUTY IS TO MAINTAIN PEACE; OUR NEXT DUTY IS TO PREPARE FOR WAR

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1915

THE NUT FAMILY



The Most Valuable Thing That a Man Can Spend: What Is It?

Ben Franklin Agreed with Theophrastus That It Is TIME. The Poet Young Had a Similar Thought. HE Wrote: "Think Naught a Trifle, Though It Small Appear; Small Sands the Mountain, Moments Make the Year, and Trifles Life."

Working boys of eighteen and twenty, what are you going to do with the long evenings of Fall and Winter?

When Spring comes again, how much better prepared are you young men of Greater Boston going to be to make the journey which we call Life?

"Ah!" we hear one young fellow say, "what's the use? What's it going to get ME, to try and make something of myself? Chop the story-book stuff, I haven't got any pull. I don't know anybody with 'influence.' I'm lucky to be holding down a job."

The young man in Boston who talks like that is either a fool or a prevaricator. An education, a training for business or the professions, is practically free to any young man with ambition, courage and perseverance.

Look about you, young men. Investigate the opportunities placed before you so generously by the Franklin Institute, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Men's Catholic Association, the Young Men's College, and other similar agencies.

If you can give one hour, or four or five evenings a week during the Fall and Winter and early Spring, NOW, when you are eighteen or twenty, and if you will strive earnestly for success, the time will speedily be at hand when all your evenings will be your own; when, with honorable ambition in the way of being gratified, you will own a home of your own and be either the master of an industry or well on the way to professional preferment.

But you have got to give up "the gang."

You have got to have the heart to withstand the SNEERS of the gang.

You have got to cut out the low pool room. Neither the gang nor the low pool room ever did a fellow any good. They destroy character. They put ambition to flight. They bring pain and worry and anguish to white-haired mothers, praying at home that their boys may be spared from temptation.

A night or two ago a man with twenty-five minutes to wait for his train gazed through the show windows of a pool room on one of the principal streets in one of the foremost cotton mill cities of New England.

There were seven tables in the place. All of them were in play. The players numbered between twenty and thirty. There was also a "gallery," twice as large. The tobacco smoke was so thick that, from the windows, the players at the fifth, sixth and seventh tables were indistinct. It was observed that all the patrons of this pool room were YOUNG men. They wore caps, even though they were coolies.

This was not a "loathsome place," a "pit of degradation," a "rile resort." If there was disorder here, it was an orderly disorder.

The man who looked in from the window remembered when HE was as young as these fellows. That was twenty years ago and more. The thought came to him with a shock: Where have these twenty years gone? Who stole them? Nobody? Then they have passed like a moving picture.

Boys, this will be YOUR experience. Here, now, seems a vast distance away. Heed me, young men who have just completed the journey when he tells you that, while forty is twenty miles further on for the youth of twenty, the impression of the Man of Forty is in HIS mind.

Resolve, young men of Boston, to be somebody, to lift yourselves, to call upon every ounce of ambition, pluck and perseverance—pride, too—and make something of yourselves!

ONE way to improve oneself is by reading. Read the newspapers, but read also good books. Read intelligently. When you find something in the newspapers which interests you, determine to investigate the subject further. Thousands of books, which belong to you as much as to anybody else, are waiting for your culture in the Boston Public Library, built by the people of the city of Boston.

You may, for example, have seen and heard the name of Thoreau. Thoreau lived at Concord in the day of Emerson and Alcott and Nathaniel Hawthorne.

What do you KNOW about Thoreau? What was Thoreau's contribution to human knowledge? Has he left a mark which will ENDURE?

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, son of the novelist and himself a writer of distinction, has written for tomorrow's Sunday AMERICAN of the Thoreau he remembers as a boy; the Thoreau who lived alone in the woods, and in whose waistcoat squirrels would nestle. "Thoreau," Robert Louis Stevenson has written, "would have been a saint in the palm of his hand." Thoreau was only forty-five when he died. That was fifty-three years ago.

We with our young friends would cultivate the habit of good reading. Read Mr. Hawthorne's recollections of Thoreau. Then go to the Library, and read more about Thoreau. Something in Thoreau will suggest your inquiring about Emerson. You will be led to read before you know it, you will be forming useful acquaintances with the great minds of literature. What will the fellows on the corner amount to, in your estimation, do you think, when YOU are speaking terms with Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Sheridan, the poets and the great historians?

These words are addressed to boys and young men who may be said to be masters of their own destiny, captains of their own souls. There are other boys in Massachusetts not so fortunate as these of Greater Boston who have so much to choose from in the way of education and advancement.

ANOTHER feature story in the Sunday AMERICAN describes the great work which is being done in the Lyman School at Westboro, by Superintendent Elmer Le-Goff, and his assistants, to make good citizens out of boys who have had a bad start. This story is illustrated. It is a most encouraging chronicle.

Our friends the visiting Governors, before they left for home, prepared for the Sunday AMERICAN their observations on life and living in Massachusetts. The Governors know what we think of THEM; now, through the Sunday AMERICAN, we shall learn what they think of US.

Hon. Frederick W. Mansfield, former State Treasurer, has prepared for the Sunday AMERICAN, by request, an account of how Massachusetts led the Catholic Federation meeting at Toledo. Mr. Mansfield was one of the many big Bay State figures in the Ohio convention. His account of the meetings and their significance will be of interest to not only the thousands identified with the Federation but to church folk generally.

Photographs of the King and the Princess of the Island of Dreams, photographs of all their attendants, and a complete list of all the young men who will take part in next week's "Rainbow" pageant at South Boston will also be published in the Sunday AMERICAN.

The title of the Sunday AMERICAN full-page editorial is "We All Chase Rainbows—Fortunately." There are two happy drawings by Hon. Thomas E. Fawcett, the great Connecticut humorist. The first is called "Movie Scenarios—Everybody's Writing 'Em," and the second, "Busted Romances."

If we were asked to describe the magazine section, we should call it intensely interesting, from the article by an eminent Frenchman, "Why France Expects Germany to Lose," to the very last of the illustrated contribution by Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucille") on "Character Hats and the New Colors."

All of which will be found to be merely incidentally to the chief function of the Sunday AMERICAN as a newspaper, which is to print. ALWAYS, the latest news of the night and the significance will be a copy of the globe which knows the telegraph, the cable or the telephone.

The Sunday AMERICAN is New England's favorite Sunday newspaper. We hope it is YOURS.

You Are the Master of Your Own Destiny

By B. C. Forbes

YOUR success depends upon you. Your happiness depends upon you. You have to steer your own course. You have to shape your own fortune. You have to educate yourself. You have to do your own thinking. You have to live with your own conscience. Your mind is yours and can be used only by you. You can share your real life with no other human being. You come into the world alone. You go to the grave alone. In the shade—on office conditions are different. Dark colors tend to radiate heat, light colors tend to prevent such radiation. So long as the temperature of a man's body is higher than that of the surrounding atmosphere, dark-colored clothing will radiate heat from his body faster than light-colored clothing, and to that extent will cool him better. As offices are protected from sunlight, and the temperature of the air is lower than that of the human body, your lawyer friends are adopting the color of clothing calculated to keep them coolest under the circumstances. If they spent their time walking up and down the street in the sunlight, it would be another matter. Vacuum bottles are mirrored, inside and out, to prevent the radiation of heat; if you lacked the mirrored surface of one of these bottles and then filled it with hot water it would not hold the heat despite the vacuum, because the blacked surfaces would radiate it away. As for the "crime against nature" of which your correspondent speaks, pause and reflect! Those races which dwell in climes of intense heat have been painted permanently black by nature for the purpose of cooling their bodies more efficiently. The hotter the climate, the darker they come! All of which only goes to show that people who dress themselves in white in the Summer time do not know why they are doing it.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

The Highest Court

A graduate of Annapolis has written to Secretary Daniels advising that all disputes between cadets be settled by fist fights.

If happy you happen to differ
With one of your fellow cadets
Keep perfectly cool; do not call him a fool
Or make any venturesome bets.
Disputes among gentlemen sailors
Are trifles which do not belong.
Just land a good punch where he carries his lunch
And if you can lick him, he's wrong.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, son of the novelist and himself a writer of distinction, has written for tomorrow's Sunday AMERICAN of the Thoreau he remembers as a boy; the Thoreau who lived alone in the woods, and in whose waistcoat squirrels would nestle. "Thoreau," Robert Louis Stevenson has written, "would have been a saint in the palm of his hand." Thoreau was only forty-five when he died. That was fifty-three years ago.

We with our young friends would cultivate the habit of good reading. Read Mr. Hawthorne's recollections of Thoreau. Then go to the Library, and read more about Thoreau. Something in Thoreau will suggest your inquiring about Emerson. You will be led to read before you know it, you will be forming useful acquaintances with the great minds of literature. What will the fellows on the corner amount to, in your estimation, do you think, when YOU are speaking terms with Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Sheridan, the poets and the great historians?

ANOTHER feature story in the Sunday AMERICAN describes the great work which is being done in the Lyman School at Westboro, by Superintendent Elmer Le-Goff, and his assistants, to make good citizens out of boys who have had a bad start. This story is illustrated. It is a most encouraging chronicle.

Our friends the visiting Governors, before they left for home, prepared for the Sunday AMERICAN their observations on life and living in Massachusetts. The Governors know what we think of THEM; now, through the Sunday AMERICAN, we shall learn what they think of US.

Hon. Frederick W. Mansfield, former State Treasurer, has prepared for the Sunday AMERICAN, by request, an account of how Massachusetts led the Catholic Federation meeting at Toledo. Mr. Mansfield was one of the many big Bay State figures in the Ohio convention. His account of the meetings and their significance will be of interest to not only the thousands identified with the Federation but to church folk generally.

Photographs of the King and the Princess of the Island of Dreams, photographs of all their attendants, and a complete list of all the young men who will take part in next week's "Rainbow" pageant at South Boston will also be published in the Sunday AMERICAN.

The title of the Sunday AMERICAN full-page editorial is "We All Chase Rainbows—Fortunately." There are two happy drawings by Hon. Thomas E. Fawcett, the great Connecticut humorist. The first is called "Movie Scenarios—Everybody's Writing 'Em," and the second, "Busted Romances."

If we were asked to describe the magazine section, we should call it intensely interesting, from the article by an eminent Frenchman, "Why France Expects Germany to Lose," to the very last of the illustrated contribution by Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucille") on "Character Hats and the New Colors."

All of which will be found to be merely incidentally to the chief function of the Sunday AMERICAN as a newspaper, which is to print. ALWAYS, the latest news of the night and the significance will be a copy of the globe which knows the telegraph, the cable or the telephone.

The Sunday AMERICAN is New England's favorite Sunday newspaper. We hope it is YOURS.